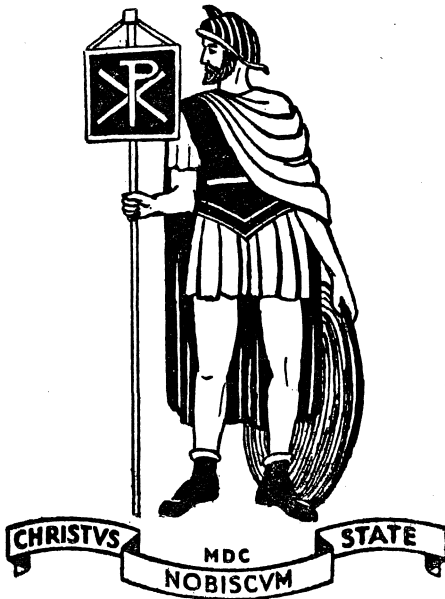


The

Alcester Grammar



School Record

March, 1960



Alcester Grammar School Record

No. 125

MARCH, 1960

EDITORS : MR. D. E. OLDHAM and MISS M. F. BAIRD

COMMITTEE :

Lancaster, Jeays, Canning, Alison Jones, Gillian Clews,
Sheila Sheppard, Judith Tallis.

EDITORIAL

The next issue of the *Record*, designed to complete the picture of this academic year, will appear in September, and thereafter annually each Autumn. For some time it has been considered advisable to reduce the number of our issues to conform with general practice in Grammar Schools throughout the country. We hope that the publication of one *Record* each year will, besides giving a clearer picture of the School's activities, induce keener competition among contributors and, consequently, raise the standard of prose and verse submitted. The extra space available in an annual publication should allow us to publish more contributions comparable in length to the winning stories in the competition held recently to encourage better original writing. Aspiring authors and poets should not postpone their efforts to feature in our first annual magazine until the latest possible date, but should start working on their ideas now.

SCHOOL REGISTER

Valete

V. A. Prokain (VA).
I. Prowlin (VA).
M. E. Simpson (VB).

Guillaume, R. C. (IVB).
Badger, J. (IIB).
Thornton, D. (VI).

W. M. Wright (VI).
V. Pridmore (IIIA).

Salvete

Nil.

(There have been 333 pupils on the roll this term).

NOTES AND NEWS

On December 2nd, the Fifth Form Art Group and some Sixth Formers, accompanied by Miss Simm, visited the Barber Institute of Fine Arts at Birmingham University.

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On December 5th, Mr. Silva took 28 boys and 5 girls to see the First England Rugby Trials at Banbury.

* * * *

On Friday afternoon, December 11th, the Junior School Party, organised by Mr. Bell, was held in the Canteen, and on the following Wednesday, after school hours, the Senior School Party, arranged by a committee of Sixth Formers, took place. Thanks are due to Miss Hewitt for her kind help with the dances.

During the afternoon of December 18th, the annual carol service was held at Alcester Parish Church. Prayers were led by the Rector, the Rev. John Emrys-Jones, who also read one of the nine lessons. The remainder were read by the Headmaster, Eileen Such, Cotter, Beale, Eileen Moore, Gillian Clews, Lancaster and Sheppard.

* * * *

The singing of the carols was directed by Miss S. Beauchamp, and at the organ was Mr. J. Winter of Studley. The collection, in aid of the Church of England Children's Society, raised the sum of £12 12s. 8d.

* * * *

We are pleased to report the marriage of our music mistress, Miss Beauchamp, to Mr. Roberts on December 26th. Mrs. Roberts returned to School this term.

* * * *

Everyone was very sorry to discover at the beginning of term that Mrs. Rutter had broken her ankle on New Year's Day. She has been confined to her office for more than two months now, and has organised the school meals by remote control. We hope that Mrs. Rutter will soon be released from the plaster cast, and her ankle completely healed.

* * * *

Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Silva on the birth of their daughter, Tessa Phyllis, on February 1st, and to Mr. and Mrs. Packham on the birth of their son, Mark Richard, on February 12th,

* * * *

Her Majesty's Inspectors carried out a full inspection of the School during the week January 25th - 29th.

* * * *

Speech Day was held on February 11th in the Hannah Susan Greig Memorial Hall. A report appears elsewhere in this issue.

* * * *

On Friday, February 12th, a party from the First and Second Forms, accompanied by Miss Daykin and Mrs. Willis, went to see the film "The Ten Commandments" at Evesham.

* * * *

On the afternoon of February 16th, 39 members of the Sixth and Fourth Forms, accompanied by Miss Hewitt and Mr. Petherbridge, visited the Commonwealth Exhibition at the Midland Institute and Bingley Hall, Birmingham.

* * * *

On Monday, February 29th, we discovered that a temporary classroom had been erected on the front lawn during the weekend. Its modern lines and materials, contrasting strangely with the familiar main School building, shocked us at first, but we soon became accustomed to seeing it and welcomed this much overdue relief to congestion in the old School.

Congratulations to Sheila Ingram, Vb, on winning the Grand Prior Badge—the highest award possible for a St. John's Nursing Cadet.

* * * *

A cross-country fixture versus Studley High School on Wednesday, February 10th, resulted in a victory for our opponents by 47 points to 33. The individual winner was Cotter, with Wilkinson 5th, Taylor 6th, Wyatt, R. W. 10th, Mertens 11th and Homer 14th.

* * * *

On Thursday, March 10th a group of First Form boys ran a cross-country race against a team from the Alcester Preparatory School. The result was 46 points to 31. Ford won in 16 mins. 30 secs., Vondrak 2nd, Jones 4th, Bakewell 7th, Brookes 8th and Green 9th.

* * * *

At the end of term we shall be sorry to say good-bye to Mrs. Neale, who has been Domestic Science mistress here for nearly four years.

* * * *

Members of the VI and V Forms attended an I.C.I. Exhibition in Birmingham on March 9th.

* * * *

House football matches and the cross-country races take place at the end of this term.

* * * *

Wanted by the Fencing Club: a full-length practice mirror and protective masks.

* * * *

The frontispiece in last term's *Record* was a lino-cut by Helen Jackson. This term we have printed a scraper-board contribution by Helen Booker.

* * * *

The Spring Term opened on Tuesday, January 5th and closes on Friday, April 8th. Half Term was from Friday, February 19th to Tuesday, February 23rd.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

Oxford Local Examinations, 1959

General Certificate of Education

Ordinary Level Passes gained in the Autumn examinations were:—

J. Bennett, *Physics*.

R. J. Blockley, *English Language*.

R. E. Day, *Latin*.

Virginia Bell, *English Language, French, Biology*.

Sheila Sheppard, *French*.

Wendy Wright, *English Language and Literature*.

Pamela Wilkes, *English Language*.

SPEECH DAY, 1960

Slight snow was falling as pupils, staff and parents made their way to the Hannah Susan Greig Memorial Hall for Speech Day on Thursday, 11th February, 1960. Mr. J. B. Shewell, chairman of the Governors, presided on the platform.

In his report, the Headmaster reviewed the work of the school during the year ending last July. Advanced level results in the G.C.E. were good and, at Ordinary Level, an average of 5.1 passes per candidate was extremely good and reflected great credit on all concerned. Referring to our inadequate accommodation and the provision of a temporary classroom, Mr. Davison announced that, if all goes well, the first part of the new buildings should be in use by December, 1961.

The report of Her Majesty's Inspectors at the recent full inspection of the School was most encouraging and the discussions we had had with the inspectors would help us in our efforts to raise our standards to an even higher level. "The problem of raising standards in our schools," continued the Headmaster, "is one which must be considered against the background of the changing world around us.

In the past a man could go through life scarcely noticing from one year to the next the developments that were taking place. For the most part changes occurred gradually and people had time to adjust themselves to new conditions without undue strain. This is no longer true, for changes are coming upon us with increasing rapidity and no one knows what the next few years hold in store for us, whilst in another fifty years the whole pattern of life as we know it may be completely different. New inventions, new materials, new methods of manufacture are transforming the world before our eyes. New kinds of work are making different demands upon the people engaged in them and it is certain that many boys and girls here now will, in twenty years time, be doing work and using machines which are not even thought of at the present day. The modern tendency is for more work to become mechanical and to require less skill, but there will always be need for more highly skilled people to direct the work and this need will increase. There are already indications of this, for employers are increasingly asking for more and for better qualifications. Many of these who, a few years ago, were prepared to take Fifth Form leavers with ordinary level passes are now asking for Sixth Form leavers, often with advanced level passes.

Apart from the physical and material changes that are taking place, the pattern of social life is changing also. The past fourteen years have been years of full employment and the great mass of our people are enjoying a standard of prosperity never experienced before. We cannot but be glad of this, but it is unfortunate that the qualities we most admire in men come to the surface in times of adversity and often seem to be submerged in times of prosperity, and few thinking people will deny that moral and spiritual values have fallen badly. There is abundant reason to complain of the behaviour of many teen-age boys and girls, but we have to remember that this is an adult world and the pattern of

behaviour is set by adults. We read almost daily of adult acts of irresponsibility in the factories, on the roads and in the home. Standards of behaviour which, before the war, were socially unacceptable are now not only tolerated, but often accepted as normal. There are many television programmes which offer good, wholesome entertainment and which indeed give valuable opportunities of enlarging experience, but there are too many which are in very poor taste. This is true also of films and plays. We all welcome the spate of books which is coming from the publishers, well written and attractively produced and dealing with an endless variety of subjects. Here, too, the picture is marred by the large array of cheap and trashy books which should never have been written. I do not believe that boys and girls are fundamentally worse, or better, than they used to be, but the world in which they live is infinitely more complicated and they are subjected to many more influences which are not good and some of them are wholly bad. We cannot hope to shield our boys and girls from every undesirable influence, nor would it be wise to do so if we could, but we must try to see that they develop their own personal standards of ethics and morals, of conduct and taste, and that these standards are as high as possible. We can do a great deal in this respect for boys and girls who remain at school until they are sixteen, but we can do far more for those who stay for a year or two years in the Sixth Form. This additional time spent in the Sixth brings about a development of character and a maturity of outlook that stands boys and girls in good stead when they leave. The intensive study of a few subjects in which they are deeply interested gives them no time for the boredom which is one of the causes of so much bad behaviour amongst teenagers, and it also gives them the power to make much better use of their leisure after they have left school. There are many advantages to be gained by allowing boys and girls to continue their education in the Sixth Form and I urge parents to consider them most carefully before deciding to take their sons and daughters away from school at sixteen."

Mr. Shewell then introduced Dr. V. J. Chapman, Professor of Botany in the University of Auckland, who presented the certificates and prizes. In his speech, Dr. Chapman expressed his pleasure as an Old Scholar of the School and as a former inhabitant of Alcester at being asked to speak at this ceremony. He offered his congratulations to those who had been successful in winning prizes and his best wishes to those who had left school and were entering professions and careers of various kinds. Referring to the comparative standards of education in Great Britain, the United States of America and New Zealand, Dr. Chapman told the pupils that although they might groan about the amount of work they had to do, once they left school they would never cease to be grateful that they had been educated in an English Grammar School, where the aim and object was to see that they left school with the highest academic attainments of which they were capable.

As a Professor of Botany, Dr. Chapman said that he had been pleased to note that so many pupils had shown interest in natural history

in their choice of prizes, and he pointed out that biologists were urgently needed to provide the means of producing abundant food efficiently to meet the needs of the world.

Finally, the speaker discussed the changing pattern of life and the education of women. Girls, he declared, should have the same standard of education as boys.

In view of the excellent examination successes and to mark the occasion of his visit, Dr. Chapman asked for an extra day's holiday to be granted to the School.

County Councillor G. H. Hopkins, Vice-Chairman of the Governors, moved a vote of thanks to the Speaker who, he said, was the first Old Scholar ever to address the School on Speech Day. Councillor J. M. Stewart, a Governor and Old Scholar, seconded the vote of thanks

Thanks to the Chairman were expressed by P. H. Cotter and Eileen Such.

PRIZE LIST

FORM IB.—*Form Prizes* : 1 Jacqueline Price, 2 T. J. Greaves, 3 J. W. Gazzard. *Progress Prize* : Patricia Blackwell.

FORM IA.—*Form Prizes* : 1 Patricia Baylis, 2 Patricia Bullock, 3 Ann Ramwell.

FORM IIB.—*Form Prizes* : 1 Frances Baker, 2 Jacqueline Hatton, 3 Lesley Bates.

FORM IIA.—*Form Prizes* : 1 Sheila Michell, 2 I. A. Willis, 3 Joan Hedney.

FORM IIIB.—*Form Prizes* : 1 Dorothy Johnson, 2 Jane Drinkwater, 3 Sally Bolton. *Progress Prize* : P. T. Craddock.

FORM IIIA.—*Form Prizes* : 1 I. Simmons, 2 R. J. Burn, 3 B. C. Hedney.

FORM IVB.—*Form Prizes* : 1 S. Orton, 2 Pauline Downing, 3 Iris Jones.

FORM IVA.—*Form Prizes* : 1 Helen Jackson, 2 Jennifer Mason, 3 Linda Savage.

FORM VB.—*Form Prize* : D. C. Bowie.

FORM VA.—*Form Prizes* : 1 G. Bennett, 2 D. J. Bryan, 3 R. J. Canning, 4 Kathleen Renshaw, 5 Janet Wilshaw.

FORM LOWER VI.—*Arts Prize* : Gillian Clews. *Science Prizes* : Eileen Such, T. M. Jeays.

FORM UPPER VI.—P. E. Dale, M. Bailey, D. K. Jones.

THE MASON CUP.—*Awarded to the best Middle School Pupil*, I. Simmons.

THE SPENCER CUP.—*For the best result in the G.C.E. Examination*, P. E. Dale.

HEAD GIRL'S PRIZE : Alison Jones.

HEAD BOY'S PRIZE : D. K. Jones.

FOOTBALL

Captain : Cleeton.

Secretary : Beale.

So far this term the football teams have not played many games. The Under-15 XI have not had to turn out once owing to all their games being cancelled due to dense fog or excessive rain. The First XI have not won a match since the last report was written, though our match with Tewkesbury is worth recording as we lost by only 2 goals to 1 while starting with only ten players and finishing with eight.

There is much more team spirit now than there was at the beginning of the season, so, with a few more matches to play, we are hoping for better results.

Results

A.G.S. First XI : v. Redditch H.S. (home), lost 0-6; v. Greenmore College (home), lost 2-4; v. Old Scholars (home), lost 1-9; v. King's Norton G.S. (away), lost 0-10; v. Tewkesbury G.S. (home), lost 1-2; v. Old Scholars (home), drew 3-3.

A.G.S. Second XI : v. King's Norton (away), lost 0-3; v. King's Norton (home), lost 3-5.

HOCKEY

Captain : Barbara Jones.

Secretary : Gillian Clews.

Practices and matches have been few and far between this term, owing to the bad weather.

We have only had two First team matches. The first, against Studley College, had to be abandoned before the end because of rain and the second, against Evesham Grammar School, was played in thick fog. The match against Studley was a good, fast, open match with some good hockey at times. Teams for the matches against Evesham included five second formers, because of the absence of many of our elder members, owing to illness. Although both teams lost by a number of goals, the players never gave up, and invaluable experience for the future in representative hockey was gained by the younger members.

On Saturday, March 5th, we sent an Under-15 XI to a tournament in Warwick, for the first time.

Later in the season the First XI will take part in two tournaments, one to which the school has been sending a team for many years.

There are also matches arranged against Chipping Campden and Pate's Grammar School for both First and Second teams, and a return match against Ragley Ladies for the First XI, during the latter half of the term.

B. E. JONES.

The teams this term have been represented by: K. Hartwell, G. Clews, R. Patterson, M. Bott, P. Jones, S. Ingram, A. Bailey, E. Gardner, R. Wright, L. Smith, B. Jones, J. Wilkes, J. Duxbury, M. Pope, P. Sherlock, D. Smith, A. Busby, A. Boyd, B. Read, D. Pugh, L. Morrison, J. Ward, C. Oram, S. Moore, L. Bird.

Results

A.G.S. First XI : v. Studley College (away), lost 1-5; v. Evesham Grammar School (home), lost 0-6.

A.G.S. Second XI : v. Evesham Grammar School (home), lost 0-16.

RUGBY

Captain : Cleeton.

Secretary : Beale.

The keenness that was shown in the first term is still very much alive this term. Practices are held on Wednesdays, and also on Thursdays for the younger players.

The team has played three matches since the last report was written. We beat the under-strength Old Scholars' team by 28 points to 3, but when we were entertained by Mosely Grammar School Third XV we were beaten rather convincingly by 32 points to 0. In the last game which the team played, our opponents were the "Old Mitchamians", to whom we lost by 22 points to 9. Our team included some old scholars and the London team were a few men short. There are a number of very promising players of all ages, especially in the Lower school. We all hope that we shall enjoy the game and play our best in future fixtures.

The following have played for the School team : Cleeton, Cotter, Wyatt, Lancaster, Canning, Yeomans, Wilkinson, Foster, Stevenson, Beale, Sheppard, Budgen, Bryan, Carleton, Price, Greaves, Gillett, Handy.

P. CLEETON.

ART SOCIETY

This term, the society has continued its usual activities; there have been meetings on Tuesdays and Wednesdays during the dinner hour, and also after school on Mondays. These meetings continue to be more popular with juniors, who enjoy painting in oil, and lino cutting.

A competition for a poster for World Refugee Year was arranged, and Miss Webley gave the prize of a book-token, for which we are very grateful. Helen Jackson won the competition, and Monica Rock, Lorna Smith, Joan Duxbury, Pamela Armstrong and Sally Goodman were commended.

On March 23rd a film show is to be given in aid of World Refugee Year. The films will consist of one on ballet, illustrated by pictures by Degas, and one, a black and white, of the ceiling of the Sistine chapel.

A. W. JONES.

MUSIC SOCIETY

This term practices have been held during the dinner hour on Mondays. These practices have been used to learn music by Holst, Von Weber and Handel for a concert we are hoping to put on for the School at the end of this term. The proceeds from this will be sent to the World Refugee Year fund.

ROSEMARY PATTERSON.

BARNARDO HELPERS' LEAGUE

The year 1959 was a good one. The actual Box Collection proved to be a record, but the total amount of £85 9s. 6d. was not quite as good as in 1957. It was made up as follows: Box Collection, £71 3s. 6d.; Christmas Tree Collection, £13 2s. 0d.; New members' Subscriptions, £1 4s. 0d.

We are very grateful to Mrs. Roberts and the choir for donating the proceeds, amounting to £24 10s. 11d., from their production of the operetta "The Wishing Cap" to our cause. As a result our total contribution for 1959 was over £110, which is really wonderful.

Of necessity my report is very largely financial, and the actual amounts are of course very important. Nevertheless, my greatest encouragement is the evidence I am continually receiving of a real desire on the part of members to help these more unfortunate children. I should like to acknowledge here a most welcome gift of new toys from St. George's Church, Redditch, through Audrie East. The Barnardo Homes at Hallow, Worcester, were delighted with them.

The awards for 1959 were made to the following members: *Founders' Service Awards of a penknife*: D. Lancaster, Barbara Jones, *Short Service Badges*: R. Foster, R. Harber, Wendy Blake, Sally Bolton, Hilary Clarke, Gillian Clews, Diane Cooke, Roberta Lord, Gillian Mutton, Glenys Rainsforth, Lorna Smith.

H.M.H.

BADMINTON CLUB

The club has this term imposed a small fee owing to the high cost of maintaining equipment, some of which has been generously loaned to us. If any one has an old racket and would like to give it to the club it would be most appreciated.

Helen Parker had the distinction this term of winning three Junior Worcestershire titles, the singles, the mixed doubles, and the girls' doubles. Congratulations!

There are quite a number of Juniors practising in the dinner hour but not enough seniors. Practice makes perfect!

Results

A.G.S. : v. Stratford Congregational, lost, 7-2; v. Wythall B.C., lost, 5-2; v. Bidford T.C., won, 5-4; v. Redditch High School, lost, 7-0; v. Lodge Farm, won, 5-4; v. Long Marston, lost 9-0; v. Worcester Training College, lost, 6-3; v. Woodrush School, won, 5-4; v. Stratford Methodist, lost, 9-0; v. Stratford Congregational, lost, 8-1; v. Worcester Training College, lost, 9-0.

The following players have represented the school: Mr. Silva. H. Parker, H. Booker, W. Wright, R. Wright, K. Day, J. Ramsey, V. Bell, Cotter, Cleeton, Wyatt, Russell, Tallis, Blockley and Beale.

H.S.

FENCING CLUB

At the beginning of the Spring Term a fencing club was formed, with Mr. Silva as instructor, and already the A.G.S. Club has been affiliated to the Amateur Fencing Association.

Classes are held twice a week during the dinner hour. All members now have their own foils, and hope to acquire jackets in the near future.

Fencing championships are often held in Birmingham and Learnington Spa, so that members will have the opportunity of watching expert fencers if visits to such championships can be arranged. Eventually a fencing team will be formed, and will compete against other schools.

G. CLEWS.

THE SIXTH FORM NOTES

A cloud hangs over the Sixth Form, the examinations are imminent, and most of us spend our evenings deciphering notebooks, feverishly trying to memorise their contents. By the time this magazine is printed, the panic will be over, and only the inquests on individual papers will remain uncompleted. We envy the lower school, who finished their examinations in December.

During the dinner hour, many people listen to the Sixth Form radio, as this provides a pleasant means of entertainment. Sad to say, classical music and news bulletins find less favour than programmes featuring more popular forms of music. Tastes among Sixth Formers vary considerably, from that of the girl who adores a certain popular vocalist to the boy who, on hearing his name, asked who he was.

Despite the impending examinations, we keep the Form tradition, and remain cheerful at all costs. We discuss many things unrelated to school life to take our minds away from our work; in particular, the television programmes of the previous evening form a continual topic for conversation. A census taken during a recent discussion period revealed surprising details of which programmes are general favourites.

To conclude, we would all like to express our best wishes for the future to the members of the VIth Form who have recently left the school.

T. M. JEAYS.

OLLA PODRIDA

The colours of a spectrum are red, orange, yellow, turquoise, gold and blue, writes A.N.

* * * *

R.L. believes that a German named "Thermo," invented the vacuum flask.

* * * *

Both R.G. and H.B. claim that Sarah, Silas' finance, broke off the engagement.

ART SOCIETY OUTING

On Monday, 7th December, 1959, a party mainly composed of members of the Art Society, with representatives from every form except the Sixth, visited the Annual Exhibition of Students' Works organised by the Birmingham College of Arts and Crafts, and held in the Birmingham Art Gallery.

The first exhibits that we saw were some beautiful applique pictures. The brightest of these depicted The Three Kings, in which use had been made of shining beads and sequins. Another showed three black felt rooks, embroidered in various thicknesses of blue cotton, standing round a white nest. Their background was made with pieces of dark net on green, and gave a very shadowy effect. Near these there was a white tree on a pale fawn background. For the trunk and branches, wool, cord, silk and cotton had been used, and bunches of ribbon and fine, closely stitched loops represented the leaves. This was a wonderful example of the different textures which can be created with a little skill and imagination. In another case, there was a round cushion of coarse material, with a spidery pattern of seed-heads in pale mauve embroidered on it.

Opposite this needlework, the pottery was on show—big, round pots with streaky patterns, and little flask-like vases with narrow necks, mostly dark in colour. Some pieces of pottery were placed on low shiny tables around the room.

Jewellery and fine metal-work were also on view, but these did not seem to arouse much interest.

In the middle of the gallery were some attractive textile designs and lengths of hand-printed material.

We saw a great many paintings, including one by Downie (scholar, 1952-57) of a family on the beach. Besides these there were lino cuts, architectural and theatrical designs and lettering. At the end of the gallery were geometric constructions giving a sense of space. These were used as a basis for the design of such things as kitchen scales, of which there was an example.

I must also mention the three little model theatres staging "Man of Destiny," "La Traviata" and "Hotel Paradise." These were built into the wall at eye-level and illuminated.

Altogether the exhibition covered a wide range of arts and crafts, and we are very grateful to Miss Simm for enabling us to visit it.

HELEN JACKSON (VA).

I.C.I. VISIT

A number of Sixth and Fifth Form scientists were invited to spend a day at the I.C.I. works at Witton in Birmingham.

On Wednesday, 9th March at 10.15 we arrived at the I.C.I. headquarters where we were told in brief the plan of our tour.

Our first port of call was to an enormous strip mill. The floor at

one end of the bulding was covered with trucks full of carefully sorted scrap and element metal mixed in half-a-ton quantities to be melted in the furnace to form alloy ingots. A trolley passing on an overhead rail about fifteen feet above transported the trucks to the furnace. Here we were divided into two groups and were taken to see the furnaces. We watched the casting of an ingot, and after it was cooled we saw the scale being cut off the top. The metal was then softened in an electric furnace and rolled until it was about a yard wide and three quarters of an inch thick. The strip was machined to make it homogeneous, and milled to 12 thousandths of an inch. It was then pickled in 50 per cent sulphuric acid. Next it was annealed, and washed and finally rolled into half ton rolls for packing.

Our next visit was to the Titanium factory. We were shown the massive vacuum furnaces, where the compressed titanium powder was thermo-electrically refined. The metal was machined into pure ingots and prepared for packing.

After an excellent four-course lunch, our next visit was to the "Lightening" zip factory, which proved to be particularly interesting for the girls in the party. Owing to the tremendous noise in the factory itself, the principle of the zip was demonstrated in a small room which was less noisy. Another demonstration which will probably prove to be extremely useful was that of mending a broken zip.

Our final visit was to the ammunition factory — which was more interesting to the boys. Here we saw cartridges of all sizes and colours being made.

We were shown every operation, from the making of the cases to the insertion of the firing cap, the powder, wad and lead shot.

These two visits had occupied the whole afternoon so we had tea and left I.C.I. at five o'clock. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Thornton for a most enjoyable outing.

P. COTTER and EILEEN SUCH (Upper Sixth).

SHORT STORY COMPETITION

For this issue of the 'Record' a small number of competitors accepted the invitation to submit an original short story of approximately one thousand words.

Of the *two* entries in group "B" (over 14), "Russian Roulette" was short but slick while "When Friends Failed" contained some excellent description and showed evidence of the careful planning so necessary in short story writing. I hope that Linda Savage will find, in the stories of O'Henry and Maupassant which form her prize, atmosphere concisely evoked and pathos without sentimentality, and that Such, if he borrows these, will discover how to make the "trick" ending both startling and relevant.

"With a little bit of luck someone else will do the work" has been less generally adopted as a motto in the lower school, and group "A" (under 14) produced some promising writing, if the plots were not entirely original. The winner, Ingrid Ison, who also receives a volume of short stories, knew how important a slightly unconventional opening paragraph could be, and used the "flash-back" technique confidently; but Patricia Baylis, with a neat ending and autobiography made convincing by a realistic, conversational tone, might have won had her plot been less rambling. Wright, too, produced an exciting story; Ann Ramwell told well, with creditable conversation, rather a hackneyed tale of hidden drugs; and Cherry Strasser displayed a sense of humour lacking in other entries.

Thank you, all competitors, for some interesting reading.

M.F.B.

WHEN FRIENDS FAILED

The night was dark and stormy. The wind howled through the trees, and the rain beat down unmercifully. A little girl, dressed only in a thin cotton dress, and carrying a small parcel, stumbled and tripped through the ghostly wood. An owl, caught unawares by the storm, suddenly shrieked its piercing cry. The terrified child gave an involuntary cry of fear, caught her foot in a protruding root, and fell heavily to the ground. For several minutes, she did not move. Then, soaked to the skin, she got up; picked up her parcel; and continued on her way. The black trees groped through the night, forming grotesque shapes and shadows. The girl's whole body shuddered, and her frightened eyes darted backwards and forwards, but she pressed on, determined to reach her destination.

The rain hammered on the child's weary limbs, and the wind bit into her body unpitifully. She could hear a low rumble of thunder in the distance, and she knew that the height of the storm was still to come. After what seemed to her to be an eternity, she realised that the trees were thinning out, and the moor was in sight. Thankfully, she reached the edge of the wood, and fearfully hastened on, not daring to look behind her. She tried to sing "The Lord is my Shepherd", but the words were scarcely audible, even to herself. However, some glimmer of their meaning reached her fatigued brain and strengthened her purpose. Floundering and falling every few yards, she struggled on, and, at long last, she saw a faint light in the distance. Her whole being seemed fortified. Hope had fast been ebbing, but now it flowed again with renewed vigour. She dragged herself on towards the light; towards her goal

With an almost superhuman effort, she raised one hand and struck the door of the hut. She hit it once, and then fell unconscious, her parcel protected by her frail body. The door opened. On the threshold stood

an unshaven man. At first, he did not see the child, and thinking that the storm was playing tricks, he was about to close the door, when his eye fell upon the unconscious figure. Uttering a moan, he swiftly bent down and picked her up. He kicked the door shut, and carried her inside.

He placed her on a wooden bed, and there were tears in his eyes as he looked at the sodden, exhausted body. After a few moments, she stirred. Immediately, he leaned forward, searching her face for some sign. She opened her eyes, and recognising him, she spoke one word, "Parcel". He was puzzled at first, and then went to the door and opened it. The storm had now gathered force, and quickly he picked up the mud-splashed parcel. Blinding flashes of lightening lit up the moor; the thunder crashed; and torrential rain flooded the earth. With brute force he closed the door against the mighty storm. The child was now sitting up, and, hurriedly placing the bundle on the table, his thoughts were once more directed on her. He gave her a ragged towel and a jug full of water. Then he delved into the contents of an old chest, and brought out a long shirt for her to wear. While she was washing herself, he busied himself cutting her some bread and cheese. Although she was physically and mentally exhausted, his presence revived her, giving her new life. Neither spoke. Words between them were not necessary, and, in any case, inadequate. She nibbled at the food, but was too tired to eat. Soon, she settled herself on the bed, and fell asleep.

Whilst she slept, he kept watch. He opened the parcel. It contained all her precious possessions—a ragged teddy-bear, a pencil stub, a much-thumbed picture-book, and a faded photograph of himself. That night, by her bedside, he came to believe in the great goodness of God. For, who but He could have given this little child the strength and courage, of mind and body, to undertake the journey. On his knees he poured out to his Maker all that was in his heart. How this girl, his daughter, loved him with a love which breaks down all barriers, however formidable. His enemies had accused him, quite unjustly, of a cruel crime. The villagers, their ready anger quickly aroused, had driven him from the village, and he had come to live as a hermit on the moors. Only once a month did he see anyone; when his provisions were brought to him. Even his wife had deserted him, taking with her this child. His friends had failed him, and yet, this child, unversed in the wicked ways of the world, still loved and trusted him. She loved him enough to run away from her own mother.

Remembering all these things, he was filled with an infinite tenderness, and he bent to kiss her. Instilled with new courage, he decided that he would return to the village. He would leave his hermit's home, and return among those who hated him. With the love of this child to guide him, he would expose his enemies and prove himself innocent of the crime. With her trust, he would earn again the love of his wife and the respect of the villagers. He would do these things because his daughter loved him; and love can conquer all.

LINDA SAVAGE (VA).

THE SILVER SHOES

As Nichola James stood in the huge church she looked about her with wonder and felt this was a very exciting day. You might not consider waiting in a church for a funeral to begin very exciting—sad, but not exciting. Of course you haven't lived in the East End of London all your life. Nichola, or rather Nicky, lived in this drab depressing place. To go to the church with its intricate stained-glass windows, wearing your new black coat and hat was wonderful. The organ boomed out as a dark oak coffin was brought in. Over the coffin were masses of flowers. Nicky liked, for colour, some daffodils, a wreath of red roses and her own contribution, a tiny bunch of lilies and violets. The haunting fragrance of a bunch of freesias filled the church, a hymn was sung, the Priest uttered a few words, and it was all over.

Everybody streamed out of the church, dabbing their eyes, into the bright sunshine. It was time for Nicky to go home with her parents to her dingy house, to her two younger sisters and her baby brother. Now you may realise why Nicky enjoyed her outing so much.

Mr. and Mrs. James and Nicky had just attended the funeral of a very rich old lady, Mrs. Parks. She had spent a great deal of her money and the last ten years of her life helping the poor East End people. Mrs. Parks had become very friendly with Nicky, knowing her mother had got a "lung infection" and must get out to the country. So Mrs. Parks bought a small farm, "Greengates," for them. The James' were due to move there in two days. We came in on the funeral of Mrs. Parks to start our story.

Now we must skip another month when we find that, according to Mrs. Parks' will, Miss Nichola James was to receive a pair of silver shoes. Nicky was delighted because she had always admired them. They were silver leather, lined inside with a soft material. On the front was a silver buckle, set with shining beads. Living in the East End she had never had pretty things, and now every penny was needed for the farm.

Again we must skip another year. Mrs. James was ill again and had to be sent to a sanatorium in Scotland. It was very expensive and Mr. James did not care how much it cost as long as his wife became well. It was a bad year on the farm and one day Mr. James walked into the room and, as he sank wearily into the chair, told his children to be quiet. As he talked, he told them they must sell the farm and go back to the East End unless they could get money quickly to pay the bills.

Nicky cried all night. Besides leaving their lovely home, once back in the East End Mrs. James might . . . even Nicky dare not think of that. All night long she tried to think of some way to help her father. Then suddenly with a pang of joy (at her idea) and sorrow (at parting with them) she realised she could sell her silver shoes. These were her only valuable possession.

Next day a small, dark-haired girl entered the village jeweller's shop. Mr. Brown, the jeweller, found himself gazing at a pair of silver shoes.

With a wistful look in her blue eyes, Nicky told her story. Mr. Brown, feeling sorry for Nicky, agreed to buy the shoes, so Nicky left them while he considered how much they were worth.

On the same afternoon, Mr. Brown came to the James' farm. He had a long talk with Mr. James, and later with Nicky. He told her that, although her shoes were not valuable, the silver buckles were. They were diamonds set in silver. Was she still willing to sell? Yes, of course, Nicky was, and she could keep the silver shoes.

The money solved the money difficulties of the James family. As far as I know they are still living at "Greengates" and Nicky still has her silver shoes.

INGRID ISON (IIA).

REFUGEES

A group of meagre wooden huts grouped on
 A damp and windy plain; swept by winds of
 March and snows of winter: without shelter,
 Hardly warmed by summer suns. Home is this
 To those that have no home, men without state.
 Forgotten: expelled by war, that base
 And bestial tyrant, who left them homeless,
 Unwanted, in a country not their own.
 Pitiful people in a pitiless world,
 Thin, homeless, sick, unwanted and despised.

EILEEN MOORE (UVI).

TAKE OFF

The sleek, streamlined aircraft is towed out of the guarded hanger by an airfield tractor. At the same time two white-clad figures leave the control tower. They are about to test an aircraft still on the secret list.

The two men, pilot and navigator, walk over towards the 'plane and climb up into the roomy cockpit. They carefully check all the controls which will be out of reach when they are airborne, and then strap themselves into their ejector seats. They attach their oxygen masks and the pilot gives the signal to the ground-crew to start the engines. The four engines roar into life with a spurt of flame and a cloud of acrid black smoke. The throttles are opened and the 'plane moves ponderously forward onto the perimeter. As the crew make their final cabin check, permission for take-off is given and the aircraft shudders while the pilot gradually increases power, still keeping the wheel-brakes on.

When the pilot has enough power, he lets the brakes off and the 'plane surges forward, quickly gathering speed. The nose-wheels slowly lift off the ground, and the 'plane settles back on its enormous bogie undercarriage. Inside the cabin, the pilot gently moves the control column back and feels the power of the engines pushing the 'plane

upwards. As the last contact with the ground is broken, the undercarriage is retracted and the 'plane disappears into a low cloud bank.

There is quite a difference between the appearance of the ponderous giant when it is on the ground, and its sleek appearance when in the air.

K. R. ODELL (VA).

ENGLISH

Adverbs are things which come from a thing,
Which eventually comes from a sentence.
A noun is an object whose object is lost,
And therefore just doesn't make sense.
Vocabulary words are those which are found
In a directory under their names,
And figures (of speech) are a menace
To all because of their fame.

An essay is a difficult thing
Because of its punctuation;
And a précis leads to many a word,
When its length is too great in duration.
To write these down in the G.C.E.
Is a good idea it is found,
For it shows how many know English well.
But what do the French put down?

JANE EBORALL (VB).

IN DETENTION

Foiled! I skid to a halt. The Voice of Doom says, "And where do you think you're going?"

"Er-er-just up to the form room."

"Didn't you hear the bell?"

"Yes," meekly.

"So you know you're not supposed to be in here?"

"Yes," even more meekly, and I feel like sinking through the floor.

"Well?" The voice begins to get a sharp tone to it which I do not like.

"But——"

"No 'buts,' take two pages!"

"Yes," in a whisper.

I walk away; my heart sinks low. I suppose the pages are wanted at twenty-five to two tomorrow. That means detention.

I turn up grudgingly in the detention room with only a sheet of paper and a pen for company. Name: left hand corner, date: right hand corner. I begin. I am copying from my history text book.

"A month later, in October, 1760," when a fly swoops down on me like a miniature dive-bomber. "Z-z-z," it goes and sounds like my father sleeping. I swat at it with my ruler, and miss. After trying again and again, without success, to swat the fly, I try other tactics and let my guest settle on the top of my ink bottle. Then I slowly creep up to it,

but at the last minute I lose heart. It is not really doing any harm. I look at my watch. Goodness! Only a quarter of an hour left and another page to write yet!

A prefect enters the room.

"What are you doing?"

"In detention."

"Sure?"

"Yes."

"Oh, all right."

I think, "What an intelligent conversation!" and continue to be bored.

I finish writing and read through what I have written. I wonder at a small paragraph on the rate of death in those far off times. Fancy feeding a baby on currants and wine! No wonder the poor little things could not take it. It is a wonder that Britain has any population at all nowadays.

—The bell!

I rush out of the classroom, and bump into a prefect. Her belongings are scattered onto the ground.

"Clumsy! Why don't you look where you're going?"

"Sorry!"

"Oh, no! Not you again?"

"Yes," meekly.

"Well?" The Voice takes on a sharper tone which I do not like.

"But—"

"No 'buts,' take two pages!"

My heart sinks low. I suppose the pages are wanted at twenty-five to two tomorrow. That means detention. Or does it? The prefect has forgotten to take the other two pages which I have already written!

So much for detention.

JANICE SWAIN (IVB).

CROSS COUNTRY

All lined up in fine array,
Shorts are clean and hearts are gay.
The whistle blows and we're away.
Quite hopeful.

The leaders with their prowess and skill,
Are far away across the hill,
We've two more miles to go until
The finish.

With pounding heart and throbbing head,
My mouth feels parched, with heavy tread,
I stagger home with feet like lead,
Exhausted.

R. BURN (IVa).

TEENAGERS

Who's the cause of all disturbances,
In older people's views?
Whose talk and crazy fancies,
Are always in the news?
Why, Teenagers of course!

Who are mad on jiving,
Records and coffee bars?
Who delight in driving,
Scooters and fast cars?
Why, Teenagers of course!

Who are the great despair,
Of many moms and dads?
But who at heart, do care,
In spite of all their fads?
Why, Teenagers of course!

JILLIAN NIGHTINGALE (IVA).

FISHING

If you are a beginner at this sport and pastime, you have a lot to learn. Firstly, you have to have kit which may be begged, bought or made. You should seek advice on this subject.

You need a rod, reel, some line, a float a hook and cast with lead sinkers—also, of course some bait. These are essentials but you may also have a fishing-tackle bag; landing-net, keep-net and rod rest, to make life easier for you.

You are now ready to start, but it is advisable to set yourself targets and also to keep a fishing diary. When you have a bite, don't strike too sharply, as you will probably lose your fish, line, hook and cast. A slight flick of the wrist is enough.

We will start with some famous fresh water fish.

The Chub can grow to eight pounds or more, and is often found feeding under trees. It will eat almost anything.

The Bream is of two species, the bronze and the white, a dull stupid fish without much spirit.

The Roach is probably the best known fresh water fish, with silvery sides which merge into blue and green on its back. The fins are bright red. It is not a difficult fish to catch—at least in small sizes.

The carp consists of several species, but the common carp is the one we want, with a brown, bronze-coloured body and a large fin running down its back. This is often large.

The perch is a most handsome fish with bright red fins and a dark green back, with bars down its side. On its back is a spiny fin. He is a tough fighter.

The tench is a strong fish, coloured dark olive-green and sparkling with scales. He is tough to catch and provides plenty of sport.

The pike is the terror of the ponds, which needs special tackle to catch and a highly-skilled approach.

This is river-fishing, but sea-fishing is rather different in many ways.

For instance, instead of having a rod, etc., which have to be very strong for sea fishing, it is best to have a hand line with a paternoster and a heavy lead weight. The bait varies, but can usually be lug worms, a bit of crab or oyster, and also cheese, while most freshwater fish eat bread paste, boiled wheat, toasted cheese, worms, flies or maggots.

With the paternoster you do not use a float, but rely on a slight tug of the line to tell you that you have a bite. It is always best to hire a boat to go fishing, so that you are in deep waters.

C. LEWIS (III_A).

CHESSMEN

Chessmen standing row on row,
All their faces brightly aglow,
Waiting for the game to start,
Each piece longing to play his part.

A white pawn walks up one square,
Out comes a knight, he'd better take care!
Out comes the queen and threatens the knight,
Poor little fellow, he's in a plight.

Now only a few men remain,
The whites are winning, that's quite plain!
King in check, it's nearly mate,
He cannot move, he's had his fate.

KATHARINE STRASSER (III_A).

THE SHOOT

One Saturday I arranged with my two uncles and my cousin to go for a pigeon shoot. We were well equipped, complete with wellingtons, guns, cartridges and a thermos flask of tea. I was very excited as this was my first shoot, but after a short journey, which seemed like hours, we arrived at the farm where my uncle rents land to shoot over. In a few moments the guns had been assembled, and I was brandishing a single barrel twelve bore, with a few cartridges in my pocket.

By this time we were in high spirits, having seen several flocks of pigeons flying overhead. My uncles posted themselves on the edge of the wood, in the full force of the wind, to catch the pigeons coming in to roost.

My cousin and I decided to post ourselves at the back of the wood to catch any pigeons that came in against the wind. It was a bleak winter's day as we waited in the snow for the last remaining hour of daylight to fade. As darkness descended, they began to come in, over us concealed in the brush.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" The cold air was shattered with gunfire and three birds dropped to the ground and were quickly recovered by my cousin's dog, "Chips". By this time my uncle had six birds in his bag.

being the best shot. At last darkness descended, making it dangerous to fire, so we returned to the car, my cousin brandishing seven pigeons, myself three. We then had a welcome drink of tea and returned home to bed after a most exciting day.

G. COLWELL and A. TAYLOR (IIIb).

A CRICKET MATCH

The day arrives, the people queue,
The game will soon begin.
The coin is tossed, the calls made,
The opposing team are in.

The wickets fall like skittles then
To the opening slow spinners.
The home team's hopes are rising fast,
They now must be the winners.

As the opening pair went out to bat,
Black clouds they began to see,
Then as the rain in torrents comes,
The result a draw must be.

M. BARLEY and R. OAKES (IIIb).

THE AGE WE LIVE IN

We, the modern generation, live in a world which is always changing. Science is never at a standstill and great advances are being made all the time. We are on the verge of space travel which started with the man-made-moons of the Russians and the Americans. The next step will probably be to build a satellite for the first pioneers. This will be used as a base for interplanetary ships which will explore the planets of Mars and Venus. In time, the liquid fuel rockets will become obsolete, and atomic powered rockets will take their place.

Mars can be seen very clearly in a telescope and we already know that there is some kind of life, possibly a moss-like vegetation, but on Venus there is an air of mystery covering the whole planet. No one knows what lies below the cloud-filled atmosphere: it might be anything from a series of swamps to a rainless desert. The chances of there being life are moderately high but we know very little about what the life would look like.

Back on Earth, transportation on the surface of our planet has changed amazingly since the time of the horse-drawn cart. The first invention was that of the steam engine, followed by the internal-combustion engine. Henry Ford was a great pioneer in this respect. He founded the Ford Motor Company and his most famous car was the Model T, which had a reputation for breaking a person's arm when attempting to start the car. If you broke your arm in this way you were said to have a "Ford fracture."

Miles of railways are being laid all over the world, and engines range from the giants of Australia and America, to the miniatures of the

Romney, Hythe and Dymchurch railway. British Railways are not allowed to build trains as big as they like, because of a small loading-gauge. In spite of this, Britain has excellent railways, although they cannot be compared with America's luxurious coaches, which are designed, not for a trip of a few hours, but of several days' journeying across the continent.

In the home almost everything we touch is concerned in some way with science. A television set, for instance, uses the mains electricity, a wonder in itself. The aerial receives waves from a transmitter, perhaps 50 miles away, the set amplifies them, and by means of the cathode ray tube, forms a picture on the screen.

During the last half-century, the advances made by science have been terrific, but they will be completely over-shadowed by the events of the next fifty years.

R. F. JEAYS (IIA).

MONDAY MORNING

I wake, I yawn, once more I doze.
I wake again, my eyes try to close,
I feel a sponge, all cold and wet.
The bedclothes have gone so that I shan't forget,
That it's eight o'clock on Monday morning.
I dress and go down, half asleep, still yawning.
There's no coffee left, my breakfast's cold.
"Get up earlier," I'm told.
I get to school just in time for the bell.
I haven't started the week very well.

PATRICIA BULLOCK (IIA).

THE HUNT

The hounds go racing past,
The horse's hooves are pounding,
Tally Ho! is called at last,
The huntsmen's horn is sounding.

They pass the farm down by the mill,
The hounds pick up the scent,
Past the church upon the hill,
On the 'kill' they are intent.

They come home very weary
Foxes' tails have they none,
The weather now is dreary.
But they have had a thrilling run.

ROSAMUND CLIFFORD (IA).

THE WILD STALLIONS

Ahead of the herd, as white as snow,
He thundered through canyons wide and low,
His eyes, like fire, with a burning desire,
To lead his herd to safety.

The men behind were riding hard,
Their lariats ready. Their voices jarred
The stallion's ears, as on he sped
To lead his herd to safety.

As evening sun began to set,
They had escaped those humans yet.
A coyote howled, but the earth was still,
They slept once more in safety.

SUSAN HALL (IB).

OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD

Chairman:
J. Mahoney
13, Cross Road,
Alcester.

Secretary:
C. H. Strain,
112, Hertford Road,
Alcester.

Sports Secretary:
T. Savage,
Homestead,
Evesham Road,
Astwood Bank.

Christmas Reunion

The Christmas reunion was held at the School on Saturday, December 19th, by kind permission of the governors and the Headmaster.

Dancing to the Vic Thorne Quartet commenced at 8 p.m. and continued until midnight.

During the interval a buffet supper was served by Mrs. Rutter and her Staff. At the business meeting which followed the treasurer reported that the Guild was still financially sound, but there had been a loss on the year.

Election of Officers and Committee

The following were elected to serve for 1960:

President: Miss Jean Young. *Hon. Secretary:* C. H. Strain.
Assistant Secretary: P. Feast. *Treasurer:* Mrs. D. M. Taylor. *Sports Secretary:* T. Savage.

COMMITTEE

Alcester District: G. P. Baylis, G. H. Canning, J. Mahoney, J. Stewart, Mrs. N. Williams. *Studley District:* W. McCarthy, T. W. G. Haynes, Mrs. M. Feast, Mrs. N. Thursfield, Miss A. Palmer. *Stratford District:* A. W. Briand. *Bidford District:* M. Malin.

Other Business

Several suggestions were made for the improvement of reunions, and the committee was empowered to make any changes it considers necessary.

The proposition that Old Scholars be allowed to bring fiancé(e)s to reunions received little support and it was agreed that the committee should discuss this matter further. Thanks were expressed to the secretary, the treasurer and Mrs. Rutter.

The proceedings closed with "Auld Lang Syne," "The Queen" and the "Grand Good Night."

Resignation

Since her election at the Winter Reunion, Miss Jean Young has found it necessary to resign. The office of President will remain vacant, therefore, until the next General Meeting.

Chairman

At the first committee meeting, J. Mahoney was elected Chairman for 1960.

Easter Dance

The Easter Dance will be held on Friday, April 22nd, from 8.30 p.m. until 1 a.m., in the Greig Memorial Hall, Alcester. Music by Stan Wigton. Admission will be by ticket only, price 7s. 6d., from the secretary or any committee member. Please come and support the Guild.

Dinner Dance

The annual Dinner Dance will be held at the Ettington Park Hotel early in November.

Ties, etc.

Ties, Scarves and Badges are available from Mrs. M. Feast, The Swan, High Street, Studley.

Sports News

The Old Scholars have played two matches of football and one of Rugby against the School since the last Report.

A very strong team was fielded in the first football match in December and the result was a 9-1 win for the Old Scholars.

However, the School more than had their revenge when the Rugby match was played, the School winning by 28 points to 3.

The most recent football match was played on Saturday, March 5th, and resulted in a 3-3 draw. This match however was one of the most enjoyable matches played for some time.

The Old Scholars have been represented in these matches by the following players: M. Malin, W. McCarthy, B. White, J. Harris, P. Harris, P. Drew, I. Trout, M. Rouse, R. Parker, D. Wilshaw, D. Ash, D. Jones, M. Bailey, W. Hitchens, A. Turner and T. Savage.

It is hoped to arrange a tennis match against the boys, as well as a cricket match in the Summer Term, and it would be appreciated if all interested in playing would contact T. Savage, Homestead, Evesham Road, Astwood Bank, Redditch.

T.S.

***The Guild's Future**

We wish on behalf of the Committee to address this frank letter to all Old Scholars.

During the last few years the dances which have been held at Alcester, Mappleborough, Bidford, Stratford and Great Alne have lacked support and financial losses have resulted on several occasions.

The relevant facts about the Reunions over the last few years are given below. We ask you to remember that summer, 1959, was a special occasion, and that all attendance figures include Governors, members of staff, husbands and wives and Committee members.

| Reunion | | Number present | | Losses |
|----------------|-----|----------------|-----|-------------|
| 1957, July ... | ... | 76 | ... | £7 15 8 |
| „ Dec. ... | ... | 69 | ... | £6 18 6 |
| 1958, July ... | ... | 50 | ... | £12 15 0 |
| „ Dec. ... | ... | 48 | ... | £3 4 7 |
| 1959, July ... | ... | 130 | ... | £8 16 3 |
| „ Dec. ... | ... | 45 | ... | £7 0 0 est. |

It is fairly obvious that the future progress of the Guild will be decided during the next two years. Following the trend of past events, it seems certain that within this period, attendances at Reunions will fall to a new low level and ultimately the Committee will find itself in the ridiculous position of working solely for its own individual members. If, and when this situation should arise, the Committee would realise that its services were no longer required, and upon the subsequent resignation of Officers and Committee, the Old Scholars' Guild would cease to exist.

On the other hand, with renewed enthusiasm, greater effort all round and new ideas brought forward, the Guild could flourish again and play a full part in maintaining the link among Old Scholars themselves, and between them and the School.

We hope we speak plainly. The Guild cannot function without adequate support. At the moment it is not getting that support.

We ask all Old Scholars to mark the contents of this letter closely, to examine their consciences clearly, and indicate by their future actions the course they wish the Guild to take.

Signed,

J. MAHONEY, Chairman.

C. STRAIN, Secretary.

OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS

A. J. Gwinnett has been appointed to the School Board of Governors. Other Old Scholars serving on the Board of Governors include Miss C. E. Chapman, Mr. J. S. C. Wright and Mr. J. M. Stewart.

* * * *

E. W. Betteridge, who emigrated to Canada thirty years ago and now lives in Vancouver, has spent three months' holiday in the Alcester district.

* * * *

Jean Round (née Codling), whose home is in Edmonton, Canada, has recently spent a holiday in England.

* * * *

Our sympathy goes to E. H. Mander on the loss of his wife.

* * * *

G. Birch was commissioned at Sandhurst in December, 1959.

BIRTHS

On October 11th, to Dr. and Mrs. G. F. Round (née Jean Codling)—a son.

On January 28th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Clark (née Shirley Palmer)—a daughter.

On January 29th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Brown (née Betty Black)—a son.

MARRIAGES

- On November 21st, at Stratford-on-Avon, David Roy Careless (scholar 1949-55) to Jane Elizabeth Rawbone (scholar 1949-56).
- On November 21st, at Shottery, Paul Albert Davis (scholar 1948-55) to Hilary Anne Clarke.
- On November 28th, at Bidford-on-Avon, John Michael Allen (scholar 1949-54) to Alma Taylor (scholar 1951-58).
- On December 5th, at Wixford, Colin John Dyer to Patricia Mary Betteridge (scholar 1951-56).
- On December 5th, at Barnt Green, Robert Smith (scholar 1951-55) to Mary Watkins.
- On December 19th, at Boldmere, Richard B. Nicholls to Patricia Ann Codling (scholar 1947-48).
- On December 26th, at Studley, Peter Roberts to Stephanie C. Beauchamp (scholar 1946-50).
- On December 26th, at Alcester, John Arthur Jesse Turner to Maureen Ethel Newick (scholar 1948-53).
- On January 23rd, at Stratford-on-Avon, Wallace Edward Body to Georgina Ann Teel (scholar 1951-56).

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